

Col. John Arthur Johnson, the Former Heavy Weight Champion Prize Fighter of the World, After Wandering Over the Face of the Earth in Many Parts of the World for the Past Six Years, Struck Chicago, His Old Home Town, Thursday Morning.

ARRIVING IN IT FROM LEAVENWORTH AND KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, OVER THE SANTEFE RAILROAD—HE WAS GREETED AT THE POLK STREET DEPOT BY HUNDREDS OF HIS OLD FRIENDS, AND HE WILL BE ROYALLY ENTERTAINED BY THEM, PRIOR TO HIS DEPARTURE FOR NEW YORK CITY AND HIS RETURN HERE TO MAKE IT HIS FUTURE PERMANENT HOME.

COL. JACK DEMPSEY HAS NOT THE MORAL COURAGE NOR THE BACK-BONE TO FIGHT COL. JACK JOHNSON, FOR COL. DEMPSEY IS FEARFUL THAT HE WOULD BE KNOCKED OUT STIFF AND COLD AND THAT COL. JOHNSON WOULD WALK AWAY WITH THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

The latter part of the spring of 1915 Col. John Arthur Johnson, who at that time had become the ex-champion heavyweight prize fighter of the world, faded away to Canada with his wife, Mrs. Lucille Cameron Johnson, taking with him his two high powered racing machines which were worth a whole barrel of money and about ten large trunks which were loaded down with all kinds of finery belonging to himself and Mrs. Johnson, including her highly trained Spanish dog, which is one of her best friends.

Col. Johnson, with all of his belongings except his beautiful home in the 33rd block on South Wabash avenue, successfully made his getaway from the United States long before the federal officers at this point had woken up and some claim that at least some of the higher-ups had caught a severe or a bad case of the sleeping sickness and that they had no time to think of planning to compel Col. Johnson to remain within the shadow of the big federal building.

After Col. and Mrs. Johnson had been in the United States for more than five years they resided in France, Spain, Mexico and traveled through many parts of the old world, a little over one year ago Col. Johnson decided that no longer would he dart and hide from the United States officers; that he would walk up to the trough and take his medicine like a manly man, so the first part of July, 1920, for the first time since he faded away in the spring of 1915, he set his feet on the American soil in California. He was brought on to Joliet, Ill., arriving at that point Sunday, July 25. Later he was sent to the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., where he served his time, one year

M. A. A. C. P. ISSUES CALL TO NATION.

Twelfth Annual Conference at Detroit Demands Square Deal for Negro.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 70 Fifth avenue, New York, has published the call to the nation adopted by resolution at the final meeting of the twelfth annual conference in Detroit. The call was presented by Harry E. Davis, colored member of the Ohio legislature, and read as follows:

Call to the Nation.
The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in its twelfth annual conference, meeting in this great crisis of the world's reconstruction, would remind the nation that from our very first conference we have planned our agitation and action upon a careful and thorough investigation of the truth concerning the Negro problem. Often when we have published in our organ, The Crisis, and in letters and articles in the press, our findings and conclusions, we have been accused of exaggeration. Today we stand vindicated before the world in the revelations of

and one day, for violating the Mann act.

In winding up his travels to all parts of the civilized world, Col. Johnson is firmly convinced that the United States, with all of its faults is the greatest country on earth and that old State street in Chicago is the greatest street in the world.

On Thursday morning Col. and Mrs. Johnson arrived in this city and thousands of their friends greeted both of them as they alighted from the long train from Kansas City at the Polk street station; a band of music was on hand to assist to welcome them home and to escort them to the home of Col. Johnson's sister, Mrs. Jennie Rhodes, 3642 Grand boulevard, where more than two thousand men and women were in evidence to shake hands with Col. and Mrs. Johnson.

The reception and the feasting and the drinking of real wine lasted until 3 o'clock, at which time Col. Johnson wended his way to the Dreamland Cafe, 3520 South State street, where he received a great ovation from all of the leading sports on the south side.

During the day a boxing bout was staged in his honor at the Eighth Regiment Armory, which drew a great crowd of sports and sporting fans, also a grand reception was held there later in the evening. Col. and Mrs. Johnson are looking the picture of health and they both received their hosts of warm friends with open arms, and they were both bedecked with brilliant diamonds from head to foot.

Col. Johnson stands ready to go to the mat with Col. Jack Dempsey or with any other heavyweight prize-fighter in the world.

Georgia, and knowing that Georgia is little if any worse than half a dozen other states, we solemnly adjure this nation to give more serious attention and more earnest action to this festering social sore.

Lynching and mob violence against Negroes still looms as our most indefensible national crime and unless the present administration takes early action by legal enactment it will stand condemned of all thoughtful citizens north and south. Increasingly the Negro at Washington, Chicago and Tulsa has been forced to give his life in self-defense. No man can do less for his family and people and it is a cruel campaign of lying that represents this fight for life as organized aggression. Negroes are not fools. Eleven million poor laborers do not seek war on a hundred million powerful neighbors. But they cannot and will not die without raising a hand when the nation lets its off-scurings and bandits insult, harass, loot and kill them.

What is the cause of the new conflict of race in America? It is not simply a growing sense of uneasiness on the part of the blacks, it is increased lack of sympathy and sense

of justice on the part of the whites and this arises from the snapping of those human bonds which must exist between neighbors. If the Negro child is not educated, if the Negro is segregated in federal departments and Oklahoma cities, if he is publicly insulted by "Jim Crow" cars, if he is treated unjustly in the courts as in the twelve pending Arkansas peonage cases, if in the army and navy the Negro is grossly and continually discriminated against and faces plans for further discrimination in the national guard, if he has no voice in the administration of the law especially as to labor, agriculture and education, and if finally the nation is being honeycombed by secret societies like the Ku Klux Klan, who stir up race hatred by innuendo and appeal to the lowest brute instincts—if all these things are done, how can we help but kill the human sympathy, the spirit of the Prince of Peace, the strong faith and the desire for humble effective cooperation which alone can save civilization?

Men and women of America, the program of those who would save America from bitter racial hatred and conflict and murder is short and simple:

1. The right to vote under the same conditions as other persons vote.
2. A federal law against lynching and mob violence.
3. Justice for the convicted peons in Arkansas.
4. Equitable treatment for Negro soldiers and sailors.
5. Abolition of the "Jim Crow" cars in interstate traffic.
6. Free public schools for Negro children.
7. The appointment of an interracial commission, of high class, fair-minded men and women representing both races, to make a scientific survey of race relations.
8. The withdrawal of our military forces from Haiti and Liberia.
9. The weight of our influence to secure justice for the natives of Africa particularly in the former German colonies.
10. A world-wide attempt to promote peace through inter-racial understanding and equality, and through a wider recognition of the basic identity of race and labor problems.

RACE WAR BOMB ROCKS HYDE PARK. POLICEMAN HURT.

Hyde Park was shaken at 12:15 o'clock Thursday morning by the explosion of a time bomb between the buildings at 423 and 431 East 48th place. The blast shattered the windows in almost every building between Grand boulevard and Vincennes avenue, and the force of the explosion was felt for blocks around.

Patrol Sergeant James Tucker, colored, passing one of the buildings, was severely cut by flying glass.

no one in the street before the explosion.

The building at 423 East 48th place is occupied by the family of J. H. Kristner, colored. The building at 431 East 48th place is occupied by the family of E. N. Butler, white.

AN APPEAL FOR NEGROES.

Chicago—(Editor of The Tribune.)—Eleven millions of Negro people in the United States are making one continuous cry for justice. What do they want? The righteousness of conduct in personal dealings, men with men, is one of the rights assured by the constitution of the United States to every citizen, regardless of creed or color. "Equality and exact justice to all men," said Thomas Jefferson in his first inaugural address. And this is what the Negro wants and ought to have. Do they have it? Look right down into the black record. Truth harms no one but the guilty.

In the past fifty years over 5,600 Negroes have been lynched; mutilated and tortured. Only recently, within sight of the White House at Alexandria, Va., a Negro was most brutally lynched. At Springfield, Ill., where rests all that is mortal of Abraham Lincoln, a Negro was "burned." At East St. Louis over forty Negroes were slaughtered. The same year thirty-one Negroes and one Negro woman were lynched. Negroes have been burned at stake even in John Brown's own state of Kansas. Think of Chicago and Tulsa. The United States protested with all its might against the atrocities of Belgium; but are the atrocities committed against the Negro in this land of the Stars and Stripes any different? Why visit the Belgian atrocities with fire and sword and tolerate them in our own land?

Give the Negroes the same security of life against mobs as the whites have. Give them the same standard of citizenship, honest fairness in the courts, judgments without prejudice, trials by courts, not by mobs; fair and honest opportunity to earn a living and do away with oppression. Why spend millions upon millions of dollars to compel people to live up to the eighteenth amendment, and not one cent to enforce obedience to the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth amendments?

John Meier.

THE OLD OLIVET BAPTIST CHURCH, TWENTY-SEVENTH AND DEARBORN STREETS, HAS BEEN SOLD FOR FIFTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The old members of Olivet Baptist church, who now hold forth in the new Olivet Baptist church, 31st street and South Park avenue, sold their old church at 27th and Dearborn streets, which was the old landmark for the colored Baptists in this city, to the Liberty Baptist church, 39th and Dearborn streets, for fifty-five thousand dollars.

Rev. D. W. Bowers is the hustling pastor of the Liberty Baptist church.



PROF. WILLIAM EMANUEL

The Most Expert Scientific Foot Specialist in Chicago, Who Occupies Fine Quarters at 135 South State Street. He Has Been Successfully Established in Business in This City Since 1887.

CONSTITUTION DAY, SEPT. 17

The signing of the Constitution of the United States on September 17th, 1787, marked a very important event in the history of the world. Each community and each individual daily enjoys advantages which would not be his but for the wisdom of the pioneers who gave a Constitution to a united country, North and South, East and West—all are glad that we are one country under one flag.

New times bring new responsibilities and new duties. We would be untrue to those who have gone before if we stood for the Constitution as originally drafted with no changes to keep pace with the world's advance.

Community Service is among the large national organizations who are emphasizing the desirability of each locality having a special celebration to commemorate "constitution day," on September 17, 1921.

REV. L. K. WILLIAMS, PASTOR OF OLIVET BAPTIST CHURCH AND DR. J. S. DORSEY HAVE BURIED THE HATCHET AND BECOME FAST FRIENDS AGAIN.

For some years past, Dr. J. S. Dorsey, the popular druggist, corner 31st street and Vernon avenue, was one of the main officers in the Olivet Baptist church and some way or other he and Rev. L. K. Williams, the present eloquent and influential pastor of Olivet Baptist church, broke away from each other, but they have become fast friends again and Dr. Dorsey will do everything in his power to assist Dr. Williams, to make the national Baptist convention a howling success which meets in his church the first part of September.

Mr. Van Buren Miles, who is also an officer and an active member of Olivet Baptist church, is greatly pleased that Rev. Williams and Dr. Dorsey are standing shoulder to shoulder again.

NEW ADULT PROBATION OFFICER.

Raymond O. Edwards, 4818 Evans avenue, has been appointed adult probation officer of Cook county, having made an average of 68, 60, 100, fourth on the list in the examination held in September, 1919. Upon the resignation of one of the officers recently, Chief Probation Officer J. W. Houston was only too glad to fill a long felt need by the appointment of Mr. Edwards, who is the first race man in the office. Mr. Edwards is prominent in social and literary circles.

EAST ST. LOUIS TO PAY \$454,000 RIOT DAMAGES

East St. Louis, Ill.—On July 1, 1917, this city had its race riots and next Monday at 9 o'clock will "pay the piper"—\$454,000. Holders of validated damage claims will be paid in full. The city government has received \$450,000 from the sale of a bond issue recently voted for the settlement of riot judgments. This will be disbursed Monday.

CHARLES E. STUMP, TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT FOR THE BROAD AX, BEATS HIS WAY INTO WASHINGTON, D. C., AND NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., AND COMES IN CONTACT WITH MANY MEN AND WOMEN OF PROMINENCE ON HIS WAY TO THE SOUTHLAND.

Washington, D. C.—I have never had any desire to get away from the race. God made me a real black man, with blue eyes and I think He knew just what he was doing, and I am going to fight it out along this line if it takes all summer. But there is an effort on the part of one man to crush the real manhood in his brother, and unless he goes way back and takes a seat and permits the white man to do his thinking then he must be looking for a job.

I am sure that you have been keeping up with the times, and you have seen that there have been some changes made in the schools of our people. For instance, for the past twenty years or more Prof. N. B. Young, one of the strongest men in this race of ours, a man who has devoted his life to helping to make men, to helping our young people to find the real man and woman, has been left out as president of the State School in Tallahassee, Fla., and reason assigned was that he was not in harmony with the industrial plan. Prof. Young has worked and worked hard to develop a real school in Florida. He has advocated the reaching of a man through the mind. He has believed in the manual training, but wanted it all done through the cultivation of the mind, which is the real man at work.

He wanted more blacksmiths, more carpenters, more wheelwrights, more everything, but he thought that they should all be educated men and at the same time he wanted for Florida a real college. To this end he has worked, and to this end he has acted, doing a great big job for my people. He was a man every inch of him. He did not go to the white man with his hat under his arms, "Yesah boss," but it was man meeting man, as it should be, and now you see what it cost to be a man. The same thing happened to Prof. Sampson, of Staunton school, Jacksonville, Fla., and next year he will be in a school where he can exercise his gift as a man. He will be at Edward Waters college. Bishop John Hurst called him in, and extended him a place, and there is right now a real place for Prof. Nathan B. Young, but I have not heard from him yet. He will be in some place within the next few days. You can't keep a good man down.

It is hard to tell just where that white man is going to strike next, but let us keep on keeping on and at the same time keep on preparing our boys and girls to meet the demand of the times in which they live.

I believe the policy in the future will be to get men in our schools who will teach the Negro that he is not a man, and that his mission is to do only manual labor, and not to fill the higher stations in life, but any man who thinks that the Negro is going to accept any such doctrine at this day he belongs to the class of American dampholes, and he could easily take his place at the head of the class. Tell him that I said so, and then tell him who I am.

The school room has been preparing men for a long time. Man is no longer comparing his manhood with the brute, but he is putting his mind in touch with God; in fact, he is getting direct in harmony with the God who made him out of the dust of the ground. He is thinking Godward, and when a man thinks that way it is impossible to get him down. He is always looking up, and getting in touch with the higher things.

Every man in America had just as well make up his mind that he must treat with me as a real man and not as a toy, or a boy. I have passed those stars, and now gazing up into the face of the sun and asking, "Who are you, from where do you get your heat, and what is your relation to God? I am asking about the spots on the sun, and all them other things. I am looking into the face of science and asking "What is your relation

to me?" I am just some pumpkins now, and I am going to be. This is all because I am thinking.

I have been going just some since I wrote, to you last, and I expect to go some more until I am ordered by God to make a period and come on up home and rest. I will have earned my place in God's universe. I am knocking at the door of opportunity and tell him to get out of the way of a man, for I am going to enter and take up those who are around begging for the touch of a man. I was in Elizabeth City, N. C., when I wrote to you last week, and there I was in company with some real men. Bankers, doctors, merchants, business men were my companions, and a few educators. All took me in as one of them, and I tried to look wise whether or not I could keep up with them. But they did give me some big time, and invited me to come again and be at home with them.

Now there was Dr. G. W. Cordwell, at whose home I stayed, except one night when I stopped with the cashier of the Albemarle Bank, Banker W. H. Holland, and he is a man who has made his way from the ground up to the top.

I had the pleasure of meeting a sorry set of preachers down there in that man's town, but then that's their business and I will not meddle with them this time. I feel like saying a few things about the job lot of preachers of Elizabeth City, but you may not know them. Not all of them, but a few.

Now away from Elizabeth City, I made my way to the bank, at Norfolk, Portsmouth, found Levi C. Brown, president of the Mutual Savings Bank, Portsmouth, Va., and his family in good health; J. L. Jones, of the Tidewater Bank and Trust Company, doing well, and I would mention another character, but time will not permit me to do so, for I made it over to Hampton. Hampton is one of the great institutions for the training of our people. This is where white men and women can do and are doing their work.

There are but few of our people connected with this great educational plant, except as students, and we are all that. This is an institution which furnishes an opportunity to the white men and women to serve us, to instruct our young people. Some of them are rendering an unselfish service, and are true blue, but you must not expect all of them to be. There is a fine man at the head of the school, and I am proud of him. He is bringing about many changes, and I thank him for them. The standard is being raised more and more. I want to see him just put in a few more of us in the faculty. I am just making this suggestion now, and hope to not become unpopular in so doing.

From Hampton, I beat it to Washington, and to the home of W. H. Fernagin, who is now way out on that big ocean going to Europe. He has gone there in the interest of his people.

I had the pleasure of attending a big meeting at Mt. Carmel Baptist church presided over by the Rev. Dr. Randolph, and there were some speakers there. They said many good things about the man who deserved to have them said about him. Editor J. Finlay Wilson, of the Eagle, flew around some, and when he lighted there was some money on the table, and it was presented with check and other cash by Mr. Pendleton, and it was in all and all a great big meeting, and some money was put in his hand. I then beat it to New York, because I could not go to New York, and New York could not come to me. It is some city, and you may tell the world I told you so. It was so hot there that flies were dying for the want of a cool breeze. I got there and got out without dying, but it was a job. I was the guest of Dr. Montrose W. Thornton, pastor of

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